UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1138.

Original Poetry.

THE MOHAWK'S DEATH-SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Shout more upon our battle cry!
Rush proudly on ye braves—
Let not the foeman's foot-prints lie
Upon our warriors' graves!—
Again the shout of triumph swell,
And raise the conquering howl—
And know thy vengeance weaves the spell,
That lies in death-fraught cloud.

Yon, razor-jaw there comes at last!
And rash with all your powers—
Will ye not strain a warrior's vitals?
Till the red field be crimson'd
I would not that my life blood stain'd
A darkened field of shame—
Or, let your puncher veins be dried—
Or vainly your diarrhœas cease!

Ye well—that clear rage proudly now—
The foe have ceased to strive—
Yet cut the head off from the slain—
Hear one lone charge I give:
Bear home the numbers—that below—
To rim far forest wild.
And tell my fate a hero—yea
Descends unto his child

Yon spot—the spot of the ore
Is blended in the—
Fain now I see the warrior's fire
Waked by this gift of mine
Again that wretch shall soar
Above the battle—gleam.
Again shall here to many a brave
Shall wing the shaft of doom.

When his wild waterloop swells the—
And shadows the parting sky.
My spirit then shall wake in war.
And skate in the—
I do not, though I know you now,
My phiz is on his shield now—
My shall shall bear his faithful bow—
Now bear me to the grave.
Portland Me. 1842

Original Tales.

HOW TO FIND ONE'S RELATIONS.
A Translation from the French.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

If you happen to be poor and in need—never look to such a plan as this for friendship and assistance—never, above all, expect to find the countenance of your family, by endeavoring, and even succeeding, in the absolute necessity of your recognition by somebody. You will be avoided as the plague-stricken—for what is a dreading pauper than poverty—but a mere walking epidemic on purses?

The Caliph Haroun al Raschid—may his memory never be forgotten—knew human nature better than to suppose that the need of succor would summon it; or that a great name would be claimed by his kin. The Caliph liked evening walks, as do all men of sense; and as every body has heard at least a thousand and one stories of his nocturnal adventures, he will never attempt a fifth-hundred and one adventure. But there is one of his night regal pranks which we are the first to place before the English reader.

As he strolled one night with his faithful attendant Giafar, he one seated before a cobbler's stall, a young man bemoaning his fate in plaintive terms. "Why do you weep?" asked the Commander of the Faithful.

—Of what import to you," querulously asked the stranger, "the weep joy or joy tears? Were you the Caliph himself you could not supply the lack that I bemail!"

The Caliph smiled at this demial of his puissance and answered. "How do you know that I am not more powerful than the Caliph? For aught you can tell, I may be an angel sent by the prophet to relieve and to console you."

"Oh, if I am an angel of the prophet," answered the young man, "that is another affair, and I will tell you what you wish to know. I love the beautiful Zaida, and have proposed to her father the daughter of a cobbler of Bagdad, as poor as myself, and otherwise no whit better. But then she has a father, a mother, brothers, and sisters—none of whom I came into the world I know not when, I was born I know not where, and am the son of I know not what, and what is worse, I can't find out! The prophet, your master, should have told you of all that. My grief is that the parents of my belle Agnès refuse her to a man of no connections. A good old cobbler found me one fine evening at his door; he took me in, taught me his trade, and dying left me his shop and tools. If he could have left me more than this—or a score or so of coppins, it would have been much better to my purpose. Genuine I ought at least to have, for all the world has them!"

The good Caliph laughed heartily at the story of Aldi—that cobbler's name—and mentally and the Commander of the Faithful,—it might be rather difficult to collect, but not your heart easy on the other score. Come, said he, and endeavor to furnish by the grace, and of all degrees of affinity."

The young cordwainer was taken by the Caliph to his palace, and introduced to the Grand Vizier. The Caliph then told his story, was disgraced, and went for a period of exile to conceal himself in one of the magnificent country houses of the Caliph. "I will send Haroun,—I nominate you my Grand Vizier, take care that you fulfil the office with intelligence and fidelity." The cobbler prostrated himself on the earth, and promised to act, to the best of his abilities. As soon as the disgrace of Giafar was known, numerous candidates for office sprung up on all sides. Those of the courtiers whom Giafar had disobliged, accused him of treason—of which he had not the remotest most rudely vilified him. The Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid knew the world, and only shrugged his shoulders.

Meanwhile the new Vizier was surrounded by so many friends, as, upon the evening before was the fancy ball of the Duke of Guise, at the Tuileries, all that he did was admirable, all that he desired was esteem plished, all that he loved was amiable, all that he hated was odious. "By Mahomet!" he said to himself, "but this is pleasant! Yesterday I was at the feet of the world—to-day the world is at my feet, yesterday I was too poor to kiss their slippers—to-day they will wear out mine with their lips."

On the evening of the first day of his nomination, Aldi received a visit from one of the first inhabitants of Bagdad, who styled himself a relative, and under that claim begged one of the first governments of the empire. Aldi left the room, and returned with a purse of gold. "Here, my friend, is a present from your new relative, and I hope that you will not be ashamed to take it from me."

"Ashamed!" repeated the Vizier Aldi. "I am not that you thoroughly understand my illustrious genealogy: and I am sure that you will see the propriety of a slight observation I am about to make to you. I ought to have received, by succession, a little of the vision of the illustrious ancestor—and yet I have never touched a drachm of it. I am of the younger branch, and that branch no doubt was despoiled by the elder, of which you are now, my dear cousin, the only heir. The fortune of our grand general must have amounted to a thousand purses, at the least—I ask of you—only the half, for my share—"

"But my lord—"

"You can be recognised as my cousin only on that condition.

"But so much money—by the beard of the prophet, I—"

"Five hundred purses!" protested Aldi, "or we can never be cousins."

"But I cannot—"

"Come," said the Vizier—only this little proof is necessary to establish our affinity. I am a man of taste. I have told you what I intend to do for my relations—and they must first do justice by me."

Here ended the soliloquy. On the morrow before the petitioning cousin was ready, with the five hundred purses. Aldi fell upon his neck, called him cousin a hundred times over, and promised that in eight days he would give him the government of Khorassan. "I will send you my letters of the honor. In eight days you shall be governor, or I will lose my place as Grand Vizier."

The new kinsman was enchanted with these promises went forth and told all the world of his good fortune. He forgot, however, to say any thing of the five hundred purses; for people who receive great promises are not apt to boast of the price they pay for them; and beside that, it is to be remembered that hope is a divinity that counts money as nothing. He celebrated above all the affectionate manner in which the Grand Vizier received and recognised his relations, and the consequence was, that a crowd of cousins were at once brought to light, of all possible degrees of relationship.

Aldi said to the second cousin who presented himself. "There is not the least doubt of it. We are relations and very near relations too—I know all degrees of connexion of which you speak to me. Have you never heard that our two grandfathers had a serious—a terrible law suit?"

"Yes, my lord, I recollect—"

"And your grandfather had the wrong side of that affair—had he not? But as he was much the richer he carried the suit, and my grandfather was completely ruined. I have examined the proceedings, but as I am much rich and more powerful than you, Heaven has already revenged the injustice done by the parent, on the child. I dare say you would gladly have

Agricultural.

DECOMPOSITION OF ROCKS.

More than thirty years ago, from careful observation, the Hon. John Welles came to the conclusion that within the soil were an-invisible to vegetation. His after some years expressed the opinion that their action was essential, and that they became decomposed. This opinion was received with respect, but with much doubt by our leading agriculturists. Now this opinion is fully established and sustained by the leading agriculturists' discussion held in Europe and America. The rains and carbonic acid in the atmosphere taken from rotten potash or soda, which is ever found in the soil. Hence and tend down by the rain to enrich the soil. Hence and for other reasons trees transplanted year a cart load of stones dug up in the field, before planting. If these transplanted without stones, and the soil and roots under old walls, mixed with a little lime, has been found equal to street manure. Hence the importance of stone destruction and investigation. The common matters. Johnston in his lectures on the science of Agriculture, on this subject, says:

It is important to the agriculturist to understand the relations which the carbonic acid of the atmosphere bears to these silicates which occur in the mineral and vegetable kingdom. Insoluble as they are in water, they are slowly decomposed by the united action of the moisture and carbonic acid of the air, the latter taking the potash or soda from the silica, and forming carbonates of those bases. In consequence of this decomposition the rock finally ingredients, while the soluble carbonate is washed down by the rains or soaks into the subsoil, and is carried by the rivers to the sea.

In some cases, as in the softer felspar of some of the Cornish granites, this decomposition is comparatively rapid, in others, as in the Dartmoor and many other granites, it is exceedingly slow, and only in all cases the rock crumbles to powder long before the whole of the silicates are decomposed, so that potash and soda are always present in greater or less quantity in granitic soils, and will continue to be supported from the decaying feldspar over a very indefinite period of time.

In the lime-yard and the compost-heap, where vegetable matters are undergoing decomposition, the silicates they contain undergo similar decomposition, and, by similar chemical changes their silica is rendered soluble, and thus fitted when acted with the soil, again to minister to the wants and to aid the growth of new crops of these vegetables.

"LOCUST YEAR."—The Hartford Courant contains the following communication in relation to Locusts:—We frequently see announced in the newspapers, that the year has been "Locust Year," followed by the story of their recurring, only once in seventeen years; and as these announcements appear in different parts of the country different years of the seventeen years, it has been stated that there are different tribes of Locusts, and that although the appearance of Locusts in different places, may be either, yet each tribe appears but once in seventeen years. What people in general think of these matters I do not know; but I should think they would be tired with foolish and indifferent, at least.

I well remember three "locust years," in the years 1792, 1809, and 1826, and my father told me that he remembered one in the year 1758, and another in 1775. These long seventeen years between each of these dates, is strong evidence that their return more in accordance with probability for the present year 1843 *may be expected to be locust year.* I wish you to publish this at this time, that the entomologists may have in the country to make observations, and if it should be a locust year, publish the result of their observations. If I is peopled completely, and that which he propounds consists to pass, then shall we know that he is a true prophet.

They say in New York that the locusts or "Pharaohs" have come already.

HORTICULTURAL EXPEDITION TO CHINA.—China has long been known to possess many rare and valuable trees, shrubs, fruits and flowers, which have not yet found their way to Europe. From thence come our beautiful Indian Chrysanthemums, and Wisteria (Glycine) Sinensis. Taking the advantage of the opening of the Chinese ports by the late treaty, the Horticultural Society of London has resolved to send a person well qualified for the undertaking, to bring home all he finds worthy of introduction to England. Among the fruits there, the Pekin peach is said to weigh two pounds, and the thing to more melting and delicious. Our own Government of the United States has it in contemplation to fit out an embassy on a liberal scale to China; and we hope among other important matters, that the subject of agriculture will not be forgotten. In the meanwhile, we shall call the attention of the friends of our merchant ships about to sail on their annual voyages, to these matters, and see what we can do in our humble private way.—*American Agricultural.*

SAVING HORSES.—A carrier-it is mentioned in Parker's Treatment on salt. "A person who kept six teams, learning how much the following experiment would seem of them which had been accustomed to the salt with their food. Lumps of rock salt were laid in their mangers, and these lumps previously weighed, were examined weekly, to ascertain what quantity had been consumed and it was repeatedly found that when the horses were fed with hay alone and corn, they consumed only about 2½ or 3 ounces per day, but that when they were fed with new hay, they took six ounces per day. This is a valuable witness us of the expediency of permitting our cattle the free use of salt at all times, and it cannot be given in no convenient a from as rock salt, it being much more palatable than the same in a ground state, and by far cheaper. A good lump should always be kept in a box, by the side of the animal without fear that it will ever be taken in excess.

CELLARS.—See that your cellar is thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed. Let every thing of vegetable description, lately to cut and generate nonobnoxious gases of disagreeable influences, be at once removed. Old vegetables, in a state of putrescence, as well as old trees and casks impregnated with vegetable or animal matters, are deleterious to health, and should be more cleaned out. The bottom of the cellar, also, should be carefully scraped, and its surface covered well from lime in order to avoid the generation of bad gases, as well as to prevent those disagreeable odors consequent upon confined air.

HORTICULTURE, the attendant and auxiliaries of agriculture, which provides so many valuable and healthful additions to the substantial produce of the field, and convertors of the rather stimulate and accompany of much artificial food, merits all the fostering care which an encouraged and yet educated and refined taste has ever extended to it. A well cultivated garden, in the alternations of fruit and flower, gives us poetry without its illusions—nature divested of her roggedness, and set of its contrast. —*Dr. Bell.*

GREEN FEED.—If you have onion seed on hand, the vitality, or germinating powers of which is questionable, tie a small quantity of it in a linen rag, and in the state plunge it into hot water. After an immersion of half an hour, take it out, and if the seed be good, it will have germinated. So says *Rural Cyclopedia.* An onion seed often fails to germinate after sowing, that experiment should sow it in all cases where there is any doubt as to the vitality of the seed.

PRESERVATION OF APPLES.—We last week received from Tyler Fountain, of Peckskill, a dozen fall pippins, which had been carefully preserved in the ice water, that they were as sound and juicy as in November. They were preserved by packing them in barrels with plaster of Paris. The plaster should be sifted, that not more than will settle down so as entirely to fill the spaces between the apples, and thus exclude the air.—*Albany Cult.*

DUTY ON WHEAT TAKEN TO CANADA.—After the first of July next, all American Wheat taken to Canada from Oswego, Ogdensburg, Sackett's Harbor, or Rouse's Point, for bonded entry or otherwise, will be charged with a duty of seven cents per bushel, when manufactured in Canada, can be sent to England free of duty.—*Rochester Daily Adv.*

THE SUGAR SEASON.—Probably at no sugar season for thirty years has the maple sugar been made in Vermont, than during the spring. It is safe to say, we think, that not more than one quarter so much has been made this year, as was made the last season.—*Burlington Patriot.*

WHEAT, RYE AND TOBACCO.—The TRENTON REPUBLICAN says:—A farmer, residing to the neighborhood of Trenton, informs us that the wheat crop never looked more promising at this season of the year. The prospect of an abundance of fruit, he also says, is at present very good."

Items of News.

☞ By a decree of the new Provisional Government of Hayti, dated Port au Prince, April 17th, 1843, the ports of St. Marc, Port de Paix, Aquin, Mesagoane, and Anse d'Hainault are free and open to foreign commerce. Another decree, dated April 15th, 1843, makes the maritime and commercial relations between Hayti and the West Indies, with whom they trade, in order to remedy the evils which the restrictive policy of the late government had caused.

HALL STONE.—The Albany Advertiser states that the village of Fort Plain and Canajoharie were visited on Sunday week by a severe and destructive hail storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The grass in the windows of nearly every building appeared to be shattered, and a large number of panes of glass lost, either in Fort Plain. The two churches also suffered severely.

THE REPEAL FUND.—The receipts of the Dublin Repeal Association for the first three months of the present year were less than the receipts of those of the corresponding term last year. In 1843 the amount received up to the 5th of April, was £1183; and in 1843, £2810.

DROWNED.—Mr. Morgan, of Clark county, Virginia, with three colored men, attempted to cross the Shenandoah in a small skiff, on the 8th inst., when the skiff either sunk or was upset, and Mr. M and two of the men were drowned.

AN OLD SINNER.—A woman named Lucy Cust, 82 years of age, has been committed to prison at Chester Session Quilters, in New York, and sentenced one year in the Penitentiary!

☞ The Mormons are about to send a second temple to Boston.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, May 20, 1843.

☞ DENJ. C. BATES is duly authorized to collect subscriptions due this office in the Western States.

☞ Graham's Magazine and Lady's World, in the State of Massachusetts.

☞ P. BEATEN is Agent for the "United States Saturday Post," "Graham's Magazine," and the "Lady's World," at Millerstown, Perry Co. Pa.

☞ WM. E. BOYLES, late of Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent in New York city, will give us his address he will lose of something to his advantage.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new volume of the Post is necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit us the balance due. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $5, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of Lester new novel, "FORREST LIFE."

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $10 seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion among his friends and neighbors, and our subscriber, by sending $5 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

"One man," saith Shakspeare "in his time plays many parts." One editor plays many parts, not in "one time" merely, which, history says, applies to his time, but all the time. Take up any newspaper you please for the proof—the one in your hand will answer, and run your eye over the editorial. You find a translation for the lovers of Eastern story—a historical tale for another taste—a practical story for the fair—a sketch of character—a little expanded sketch for the ladies, and serious, practical, agricultural, poetical, and other scraps, all up the variety. Compare now these and self-knowledge that person who is bound to consult the sources whence the supply for the gratification of these tastes must be drawn, must be industrious, to say the least.

Prominent rows items, there do not appear to be many—none either strange or startling. Several things noticed last week as in a state of uncertainty have reached a decisive place. Mr. Cushing, for instance, has settled the question about the China Mission, by drawing his first year's salary and outfit; and several other of the political uncertainties are in certitude no longer.

The prominent article of news for a great many of our readers will be the abstract of the state and resources of Texas, which have been put together for the celebration of their anniversaries in New York. The speech of the veteran Dr. Beecher, at the Tennessee anniversary, will undoubtedly be read with great interest.

The Boston Daily Advertiser gives us the following synopsis of the contents of the Texas pamphlet:

In our "gossip" last week we broke ground in favor of a new copyright law—and proceed to-day to say a few words further in explanation of what we mean. It is not that we would have all English published works put under the ban of piracy—we would the foreign author or proprietor sold his permission to republish, or himself issued an edition here. Such a state of things would be liable to objections, as many, as important, and as obvious, that it is scarcely necessary to particularize them. Nor are we willing to admit that any copyright system at all is done to foreign authors by the present state of things. They have no legal or natural rights in this country, and the alternative is simply that a right of property can be created, vested in American citizens, which would benefit all the parties interested. Our law, as it now is, must be passed, by which a man, be he an American citizen, who is the bona fide purchaser of a foreign book, in advance of its publication abroad, or the author or proprietor of such book if he be also an American citizen, who is the bona fide purchaser of a foreign book, in advance of its publication abroad, shall be entitled to the exclusive right of publishing the same in the United States. Let a law be passed, by which a man, be he an American citizen, who is the bona fide purchaser of a foreign book, in advance of its publication abroad, or the author or proprietor of such book if he be also an American citizen, who is the bona fide purchaser of a foreign book, in advance of its publication abroad, shall be entitled to the exclusive right of publishing the same in the United States. Let a law be passed, by which a man, be he

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to procure subscribers, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Remittals must always state the Post-office removed to, as well as that in which the paper is now received.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangement.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Saturday Post, Waverley Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

Mr. C. W. Ashmore, of Harrison street, Chemung, Chem. co. N. Y., is our Agent for Elmira, and vicinity.

Agents for Mount Meeker, Jay & Smith, G. H. Comstock, Esq., Mount Meeker, Essex co. N. Y.

SAMUEL P. CLEVENSON, assisted by James H. Simmons and John Cleveland, for Kentucky.

HENRY H. LEWIS is now collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in Ohio, South-Western States and the last number is particularly. Mr. James is at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, at which time it will be found in this day's paper. For the rest the work challenges admiration. To Mr. Colton, we are also indebted for the Rev. Mr. Porter, Phrenological Journal, and other periodicals.

A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan, 1841-2. By Lady Sale, the Wife of Major General Sir Robert Sale, K. C. B. Gardner & Co. Philadelphia.

This work has run through two or three editions in England already; the intensely interesting character of the events to which it relates procures it a rapid sale.

The Universalist Magazine, for April and May. This work is conducted by a committee of the Philadelphia Universalist Society for the State of Pennsylvania. This double number has a good variety of articles, the greater part of which are creditable contributors.

Melantho; or, the Days of the Mystics.—Zieber & Co. and W. H. Graham. This is a very pretty volume, edited by Mr. Maberly, author of the "Grand Vizier's Daughter," which is also having its run.

Martin Chuzzlewit, the last part of which has been published, may be had at sale at Zieber and Co's. No also is Blackwood for May, the cheap edition of the London Lancet, so far as issued.

The Spiritualist. A Play, in Five Acts. Zieber & Co. When we have said that this is Sheridan Knowles's last, enough is said to sell the edition. Knowles's dramas always read well.

Notices of New Works.

The Kingdom of Christ; or, Hints respecting the Principles, Constitution, and Ordinances of the Catholic Church. By Frederic Augustus Rauschenbusch, M. A. Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, and Professor of English Literature and History in King's College, London.—New York: D. Appleton.—Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—This is another volume of the octavo series of Theological works published by the Messrs. Appleton, of the same type corresponds with its elegant fellows. The contents are not of a character to be digested at a cursory, or even at a somewhat attentive perusal. We have devoted at all in the subject, can read with less mental labor than we can write a review of it. Our appreciation than he must have brought to the collection and arrangement of his facts and arguments. His dedication, to Rev. Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, which this admirers of the Coleridge, to a criterion upon whose theological hints and thoughts it is desirable, cannot pass without a careful perusal.

The volume is divided into three Parts; the first treating of the Principles of the Friends or Quakers, and of the different religious bodies which have arisen since the Reformation, and of the systems to which they have given birth. Indeed the work was, in its original shape, a series of Lectures addressed to a member of the Society of Friends, suggested by a controversy which was dividing the Society. The main object of the lectures, was "to inquire whether an acknowledgment of the spiritual principles, which were professed by the Society of Friends involved the rejection of Christian ordinances, or whether the one did not necessarily imply the other." Many collateral points are of course discussed in the course of the part. But under the head of the writer, the work extended, as before remarked, to parts second and third, the former containing a "Review of the principles of the rules, to celebrate the friends. the finest representatives of its distinguishing tenets, and the opinions of the Society, largely, even in the last year, the wisdom of the chase, in which the writer is unsurpassed, and the beauty of his style is free from those harassing inversions, and his argument from those puzzling subtleties and knotty windings, which render the reading of many modern writers. Indeed we cannot think of a better book than this for the young inquirer, who would get a clear view of the "old masters" in theology, after having learned his head ache over the ancient treatises, than this; for its unique combination of a full discussion, in a more extended, of almost every matter which has come up for discussion among old schoolmen and modern controversy.

The author's own opinions we shall not be expected to endorse or to condemn. It is enough, in our character as the readers of a publication, that we have spoken upon the work on its literary merits, under which head it must be pronounced one of the most remarkable and able works which has appeared for many years. No theologian—certainly none of the Protestant Episcopal Church, should pass the volume without perusal: for, while we differ from the author in the fifth year of his ministry, he will be found among the "worthier matters of the land." It will treat habits of analysis, in the logician—refresh the student in Church history—and aid the general reader in the examination of facts and their opinions, and in fine prove an exceedingly valuable and welcome addition to English Theological literature.

Narrative of Travels through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia and Mesopotamia, By the Rev. Horace Southgate, of the U. S. Episcopal Church. A second edition of the narrative of a Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, prefaced with an introduction, which displays the character, the characteristics and effects of modern Mahomedanism. The narrative contains a great deal of curious information upon the condition visited, and the use of a simple, yet graphic style which commend it to all admirers of adventure, aside from its higher end and motive. It is embellished with steel plates and a map.

History of the Empire Napoleon. From the French of M. Laurent de L'Ardeche. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—This is a pictorial work, having over five hundred illustrations, and dedicated by Horace Vernet. It is published in four parts, the third of which is now before us, and contains the excellent compassion for English histories of Napoleon. A fair opinion of a man can be obtained only by comparing the testimonies of his contemporaries, and their opinions, and in fine prove an exceedingly valuable and welcome addition to English Theological literature.

The Judge; or, Family Cares and Family Joys. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. Porter, Coates & Co. and W. H. Graham.—The seventh number of this work is out, making nearly one third of the whole. Complete, the work will make a handsome volume of the eleven hundred engravings, and over eighty maps. It is published semi-monthly, and is one of the most valuable of the series.

Arcadelphian Key. Under this general title, J. M. Campbell & Co. have published in a cheap form, a work, the particular title of which sets forth that it is a sermon by Robert Finney, first published in 1701. In it the decline of "Regency" is considered. In predicting the fate of surrounding nations, the destruction of Mohammedanism, the calling in of the Jews, the restoration and consummation of all things, &c.

Daily Tyler—His History, Character, and Position—With a Portrait—New York: Harper & Brothers.—Capt. Tyler looks very well in the portrait, and, it must be acknowledged on the latter point too; and no "enemy hath done this." Whether he may find occasion to exclaim "save me from his friends!" is to be resolved by future history—which does not go down far enough to answer that question.

The Home Circle. Family. By Frederika Bremer, Author of "Home," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea.—This is a bound edition of a work which we have already noticed in the pamphlet style. It is the first American translation, and is rendered with fidelity and simplicity. Other of Miss Bremer's works, by the same translator, are announced by the publishers.

Miss Leslie's Magazine, for May, contains a continuation of her story "Orphaline," and a new chapter of Mr. Arthur's "Cecilia Howard," the young lady who had finished her education. There are articles in the number from many pens, and of various character, and among the embellishments an interesting metamorphosis of a rustic maid into a ring belle.

The Life of the Rev. T. T. Thomson, M. A. late of Melville, and the Right Rev. Dr. Chandler, Bishop of Natchez, Promotors. Rev. Edward Dandridge, D. D. and Rev. Charles C. White, Secretaries. Rev. Francis Thomson, Treasurer. Rev. Messrs. Thomson Fotley and Oliver Jenkins, Assistants. Rev. Wm. Hankinson and Mr. T. H. Parsons, Chanters.

NEW YORK ANNIVERSARIES.

In our last we glanced at the proceedings at a few of the Anniversaries in New York. We shall now continue the notice, by giving some of the most interesting facts connected with the proceedings.

The American Bible Society held their twenty-first anniversary on Wednesday of last week, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen in the chair. The total receipts for the past year were $85,164 and the total disbursements by $1190. Of the money received from branches and auxiliaries, Boston has contributed $3793, New York $7017, Philadelphia $1274, New Haven and Providence and Richmond $1000 each, Charleston $800, Norfolk $500, Cincinnati $450, Hartford $436, Savannah $256, Brooklyn $234 and North Carolina $117.

The deaths of the Rev. Dr. Proudfit, Rev. Alex. V. Griswold, Hon. Peter A. Jay, Rev. Mr. Ewing and Rev. John Steele, all of them connected in some way with the operations of the Society, were mentioned in appropriate terms. The Society has added to its list 54 new publications during the year, and the whole number now contained is 1009, including 154 volumes. Of the Bibles and Testaments the Society 10,000 copies are circulated. The whole number of pages circulated by the Society in about eighty years old and had been at school only two or twelve months, were able to read the Scriptures very readily; many of these were from seventy to eighty years old. Dr. Gutzlaff, the lady of the distinguished American Missionary to that country, and the father of

Gems from the Poets.

THE SANDS.

BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Turn to the watery world!—but who its time
A wonder yet unview'd shall paint—the sea!
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When half'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
Its colors changing, when from clime to clime
Shades o'er shades sport the inconstant hue;
Now mixing all, in one unvaried tint now serene,
Its tranquil face, and monotonous green,
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat the expectant eye.

Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The shining tide has left upon its place;
Then just before the sea, with nothing fair,
Light trembling streamers, gentle coolness mere;
And nothing seen or heard but sea and sands,
And with the ceaseless sea the ceaseless winds;
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
In sight, nor sound, something to it sleeps.
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,—
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or take the merry boat with gentle bliss,
And hardly marks in silence, smooth and slow
Skips in the calm seem mother's fat they glide
On the still sea, urged calmly by the tide;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
And fear'st thou not the threatening future more?
And for so rare one touch, is one distress no more?
Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the serene shake;
As no zephyrs'd ghost with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View not the winter storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the view o'erspread;
The unwieldy purposes through the day before
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimone but red sometimes show'n but form,
Dusk on the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billow—cast the flying foam
Upon the following—and the dim sky
To meet the clamor: the waves are all in strife,
Breaking and sinking—and the sunless swell,
Nor one successive to its current tells,
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if ascending to their watery fortress;
Mky watch the neighbour till the shock they reach.
Then break and hurry to their utmost verge,
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
Then backward curling, leave their foam behind,
And with the roaring flood, the sounding shore,
Roll'd by their rage, no shell to sight nor

Selected Articles.

STELLA LEE.

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

What a little fist was Stella! And yet if to be the most bewitching, the most entrancing enslaver of hearts, entitles a fair maiden of seventeen to a fist, then is Stella fully entrenched, for she was all these and more; and more everything in it always.

Never was there seen such a sylph; so light, so airy, so full of grace! Never was a little head set on such graceful set of shoulders, that seemed floating with laughter at their own whiteness; never was there such a pair of eyes! they were not black, or blue, or hazel; one could not tell their colour; but such eyes! Alas, for the swains, who would not

"From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,"

for were there not otherwise in a pretty state of commotion? Oh such thumping and bumping of heart! such Ema's of sighs! Then such a mouth had Stella—fragrant as the blossom of the sweet pea; such hands and feet which even Titania might have envied. Her voice was like the sweetest notes of the Æolian harp; and her laugh more musical than fairy-bells—if one could hear them! But then she was only a child—and fact!—it was too bad in her—too bad!

Oh the snares she would spread—with Cupid, sly, mischievous dog—at her elbow! Then, skipping around, she would laugh and clap her little hands, to see the poor fellows tumble in. And she would look so very demure, too, and feel so sorry! Why would they like her? It was not her fault—those her little innocent heart, and it her fault!

Ah, Stella, Stella! was it not enough for you to lead in your chaise the village youths; city expansion, fashion, wickedness and heaven? Must you also sport with divinity itself? Naughty, naughty Stella.

It happened that for several months the church in the village of Lorraine was without a pastor. The pulpit was either supplied from the neighbouring town, or occasionally the inhabitants were favoured by some eloquent traveller from the great cities, who charmed by the beauty of the place—gladly turned the Sabbath in so lovely a spot.

Indeed no one that has ever visited this delightful village could leave it without regret. Situated on the borders of the lovely Connecticut, forming a silvery circle for the fascinated members, as varied in hue as the tiers of a queen: here the emerald, there the pale topaz of the graceful wheat, the sun-sunrise of the tall maize, and the ruby red of the fragrant clover. Lofty mountains bound the view on three sides, but on the other, far as the eye can reach, are scattered villages and towns, whose spires and white cottages glean through orchards and groves, while here and there the Connecticut is again seen pursuing her silvery way, as if playing for ever with the sun and sky; now hiding amid the dark forests, and then bursting forth in glittering splendour on her surface cloud, tree and shrub.

One Sunday morning, as the sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains, the eastern stage came driving, Jehu-like, down the principal street of the village, and dashed up in fine style, with cracking whip and sounding horn, to the door of the Union Hotel. Just at the moment the stage were let down, a party of lively young ladies tarrying coolly past, appeared to avoid coming in contact with the passengers of the coach. Stella was among them, and as she looked up to some coolness, her eye met Stella, and, in disconcerted mood, he returned to the hotel.

The next morning dawned in pure and glorious as the day of creation. All was still; the sweet notes of the joyous birds or the cheerful sounds from the farm-yard were alone heard. The inner bell chimed, as we though skewered with diamonds, love and devotion had a new charm to the pious Christian worship with such leader and flower here to strew flowers. Pleasant was it for the young clergyman to look upon a scene of such beauty; a scene calculated to inspire the holier feelings of our nature, even in the most ardent; and the Sunday sun was rich, with the deepest devotion blended with warm enthusiasm, looked forth

"Nature up to Nature's God."

The church bell ceased. The streets, before so solitary, were filled with villagers, all wending their way to the house of God. William Godfrey ascended the pulpit—looked around—and his heart beat without interest and holy pleasure; and certainly there was one that might have felt it—Stella Lee. Attention. When the service was ended, several of the most respectable villagers present hastened to invite the clergyman, as was their custom, to partake of their family dinner. Mr. Godfrey, however, declined all their kind invitations, when a gentleman approached, and with great reverence and dignity tendered his hand, announced at the same time his wish an urgent request that he would accept of his hospitality. Godfrey looked at the man, and his heart gave all to whom are the kindest the very most that had been proffered him. Then he looked up, he caught the second glance of those in attendance upon him, he could not refuse; and, offering his arm to the elder lady, he accompanied them to their dwelling—a cottage rural in its appearance and room.

And now mark what a chain of magical beauty Stella wove around the clergyman! each hour—fastened by Cupid's wings. Nothing in the world but a brought poor Godfrey became indeed a perfect captive. Morning, noon, and evening found him by the side of Stella; and, they would say, the sweet one, in another rode through the shady groves or along the sandy banks of the Connecticut; they would come to make an escape of accompanying Stella's pretty songs with her own fine voice. Godfrey was in perfect chain in every thing Stella did perfectly irresistible. The clergyman was deeply in love!

Well—and Stella? Little mimic! she thought Mr. Godfrey—a very good young gentleman—she did not think a minister could be an agreeable! Then he was not very intelligent, she said, and she was glad he was not to have his name so direct her reading. To walk with him, however, for he talked so beautifully of the charms of nature, and knew all, and he admired to hear him sing! But as to loving him—why the thing (not exactly Stella) had no idea! Money! to think of her becoming a rich minister's lady, and the idea of forever sacrificing it myself! would be like changing the brilliant little hummingbird into the ugly owl.

A week flew past—it was again Saturday, and William Godfrey had accepted an invitation to dine at a neighboring town. The afternoon was fine, and it not being necessary for him to have a horse and gig in the day, he proposed to Stella an excursion on horseback. Oh! what—she looking so beautiful in the dark green riding dress, her little hat and feather, and her fairy-like form—she held him—how could she! She cut the horse, too, so graceful as a bird, and like a bird she flew along, caroling gayly, and making sweet music under those graceful vines and fragrant evergreen plume which canopied their path.

But one word had Godfrey yet breathed of the attachment; but this afternoon, he felt, must decide his fate. Twice he escaped to speak, but was too much agitated to proceed.

"Stella," said he at length, in a faltering voice—have be humbled—and will ever be—for at that moment the carriage drew the through into the high road, an open carriage, passed them. In this carriage was a gentleman—not only a young gentleman, but a very handsome gentleman—and he looked, and seriously did he stare at Stella, that she blushed like a damask rose. The carriage drove on. Stella turned her head to look after it, but the gentleman's also turned, but—how very awkward!—and Stella blushed still deeper.

"I wonder who that can be," said she; "he is very handsome—he must be a fine man."

This was cold rather to be heard by her companion, and at no moment was he required sooner was given. But a pang went through the heart of poor Godfrey, he thought it not fair, it seemed as the child of death to all his warm hopes and imaginings.

They soon reached home; and, as Godfrey gave good-evening, he said, in a faltering tone of voice,

"I shall return, my dear Miss Lee, on Wednesday, and I hope to have a conversation with you on a subject, I hesitate not to tell you, much of my future happiness depends on that interview."

Mr. Dalrow, my dear," said the good lady, "a particular friend of your aunt Agnes; but go now and dress, for dinner is waiting, and your host join us again."

And now if those scenes of disappointed youther, during by inches for the love of this cruel maiden, could have appeared to the head of the heart of Godfrey she had interested her companion; and, blushing him a hasty farewell, she ran into the house. Letting her little hat fall off on her shoulders, and holding up the skirt of her long riding-dress, she flew into the parlor, and seated herself at the little chicken-work table, and began to work with great assiduity, instead of sewing his waistcoat, which she had returned, but it was too late.

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